841.c.23
643.d.12

THE SECULAR MASQUE,

Written by

JOHN DRYDEN, *Esq*;

Set to MUSICK

By Mr. *BOYCE*.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXLIX.

THE SECULAR MASQUE.

Enter JANUS.

RECITATIVE.

Janus. CHRONOS, *Chronos*, mend thy Pace,
An hundred Times the rowling Sun,
Around the radiant Belt has run,
In his revolving Race.

AIR.

Behold, behold, the Goal in Sight,
Spread thy Fans, and wing thy Flight.

Enter CHRONOS.

With a Scythe in his Hand, and a great Globe on his Back, which he ſets down at his Entrance.

AIR.

Chronos. Weary, weary of my Weight,
Let me, let me drop my Freight,
And leave the World behind.
I could not bear
Another Year
The Load of Human-kind.

Enter MOMUS, *laughing.*

AIR.

Momus. Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! well haſt thou done,
To lay down thy Pack,
And lighten thy Back.
The World was a Fool, e'er ſince it begun,
And ſince neither *Janus*, nor *Chronos*, nor I,
Can hinder the Crimes,
Or mend the bad Times,
'Tis better to Laugh than to Cry.

CHORUS.

'Tis better to Laugh than to Cry.

RECITATIVE.

Janus. Since *Momus* comes to laugh below,
Old Time begin the Show!
That he may ſee, in every Scene,
What Changes in this Age have been;
Chronos. Then Goddeſs of the Silver Bow begin!
[*Horns, or Hunting-Muſick within.*

Enter DIANA.

AIR.

Diana. With Horns and with Hounds I waken the Day,
And hye to my Woodland-Walks away;
I tuck up my Robe, and am buſkin'd ſoon,
And tie to my Forehead a wexing Moon;
I courſe the fleet Stag, unkennel the Fox,
And chaſe the wild Goats o'er Summits of Rocks,
With

With ſhouting and hooting we pierce thro' the Sky;
And Eccho turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry.

CHORUS.

With ſhouting and hooting, we pierce thro' the Sky,
And Eccho turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry.

AIR.

Janus. Then our Age was in its Prime,
Chronos. Free from Rage,
Diana. —— —— and free from Crime.
Momus. A very Merry, Dancing, Drinking,
Laughing, Quaffing, and unthinking Time.

CHORUS.

Then our Age was in its Prime,
Free from Rage, and free from Crime.
A very Merry, Dancing, Drinking,
Laughing, Quaffing, and unthinking Time.

[*Dance of* Diana's *Attendants.*

Enter MARS.

RECITATIVE.

Mars. Inſpire the Vocal Braſs, inſpire;
The World is paſt its Infant Age:
Arms and Honour,
Arms and Honour.
Set the Martial Mind on Fire,
And kindle Manly Rage.

RECITATIVE.

Mars has lookt the Sky to red;
And Peace, the lazy Good, is fled.

AIR.

A I R.

Plenty, Peace, and Pleaſure fly;
The ſprightly Green
In Woodland-Walks, no more is ſeen;
The ſprightly Green, has drunk the *Tyrian* Dye.

C H O R U S.

Plenty, Peace, and Pleaſure fly;
The ſprightly Green
In Woodland-Walks, no more is ſeen;
The ſprightly Green, has drunk the *Tyrian* Dye.

A I R.

Mars. Sound the Trumpet, beat the Drum,
Through all the World around;
Sound a Reveille, ſound, ſound,
The Warrior God is come.

C H O R U S.

Sound the Trumpet, beat the Drum,
Through all the World around;
Sound a Reveille, ſound, ſound,
The Warrior God is come.

A I R.

Momus. Thy Sword within the Scabbard keep,
And let Mankind agree;
Better the World were faſt aſleep,
Than kept awake by Thee.
The Fools are only thinner,
With all our Coſt and Care;
But neither Side a Winner,
For Things are as they were.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

The Fools are only thinner,
With all our Coſt and Care;
But neither Side a Winner,
For Things are as they were.

Enter VENUS.

AIR.

Venus. Calms appear, when Storms are paſt;
Love will have its Hour at laſt:
Nature is my kindly Care;
Mars deſtroys, and I repair;
Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not ev'ry Day.

CHORUS.

Take her, take her, while you may,
Venus comes not ev'ry Day.

AIR.

Chronos. The World was then ſo light,
I ſcarely felt the Weight;
Joy rul'd the Day, and Love the Night.

RECITATIVE.

But ſince the Queen of Pleaſure left the Ground,
I faint, I lag,
And feebly drag,
The pond'rous Orb around.

AIR.

AIR.

Momus. All, all, of a Piece throughout;
Momus pointing to *Diana.* Thy Chaſe had a Beaſt in View;
to *Mars.* Thy Wars brought nothing about;
to *Venus.* Thy Lovers were all untrue.
Janus. 'Tis well an Old Age is out,
Chronos. And time to begin a New.

CHORUS.

All, all, of a Piece throughout;
Thy Chaſe had a Beaſt in View;
Thy Wars brought nothing about;
Thy Lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an old Age is out,
And time to begin a New.

[*Dance of Huntſmen, Nymphs, Warriors and Lovers.*

F I N I S.